TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES,

IN VERSE,

OF SEVERAL PASSAGES OF

SACRED SCRIPTURE,

COLLECTED AND PREPARED BY

A COMMITTEE OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,

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I. GENESIS i.

1 LET heav'n ariſe, let earth appear,
Said the Almighty Lord:
The heav'n aroſe, the earth appear'd,
At his creating word.

2 Thick darkneſs brooded o'er the deep;
God ſaid, "Let there be light;"
The light ſhone forth with ſmiling ray,
And ſcatter'd ancient night.

3 He bade the clouds aſcend on high;
The clouds aſcend, and bear
A wat'ry treaſure to the ſky,
And float upon the air.

4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling ſeas together flow,
And leave the ſolid land.

5 With herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,
The new-form'd globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bleſs the ſoil,
Or ſun to warm the ground.

6 Then high in heav'n's reſplendent arch
He plac'd two orbs of light:
He ſet the ſun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.

7 Next, from the deep, th' Almighty King
Did vital beings frame;
Fowls of the air, of ev'ry wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.

8 To all the various brutal tribes
He gave their wondrous birth,
At once the lion and the worm
Sprung from the teeming earth.

9 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
At last was Adam made;
His Maker's image blest his soul,
And glory crown'd his head.

10 Fair in th' Almighty Maker's eye
The whole creation stood.
He view'd the fabric he had rais'd:
His word pronounc'd it good.

II. Genesis xxviii. 20,—22.

1 O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such bleſſings from thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore;
And thou ſhalt be our choſen God,
And portion evermore.

III. Job i. 21.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And enter'd life at firſt;
Naked we to the earth return,
And mix with kindred duſt.

2 Whate'er we fondly call our own
Belongs to heav'n's great Lord:
The bleſſings lent us for a day
Are ſoon to be reſtor'd.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or ſinks them in the grave:
He gives; and when he takes away,
He takes but what he gave.

4 Then, ever bleſſed be his name!
His goodneſs ſwell'd our ſtore;
His juſtice but reſumes its own;
'Tis ours ſtill to adore.

IV. Job iii. 17,—20.

1 HOW ſtill and peaceful is the grave!
Where, life's vain tumults paſt,
Th' appointed houſe, by Heav'n's decree,
Receives us all at laſt.

2 The wicked there from troubling ceaſe;
Their paſſions rage no more:
And there the weary pilgrim reſts
From all the toils he bore.

3 There reſt the priſ'ners, now releas'd
From Slav'ry's ſad abode;

No more they hear th' oppreſſor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.

4 There ſervants, maſters, ſmall and great,
Partake the ſame repoſe;
And there, in peace, the aſhes mix
Of thoſe who once were foes.

5 All, levell'd by the hand of Death,
Lie ſleeping in the tomb;
Till God in judgment call them forth
To meet their final doom.

V. Job v. 6,—12.

1 THO' trouble ſprings not from the duſt,
Nor ſorrow from the ground;
Yet ills on ills, by Heav'n's decree,
In man's eſtate are found.

2 As ſparks in cloſe ſucceſſion riſe,
So man, the child of wo,
Is doom'd to endleſs cares and toils
Through all his life below.

3 But with my God I leave my cauſe;
From Him I ſeek relief;
To Him, in confidence of pray'r,
Unboſom all my grief.

4 Unnumber'd are his wondrous works,
Unſearchable his ways;
'Tis his the mourning ſoul to cheer,
The bowed down to raiſe.

VI. Job viii. 11,—22.

1 THE ruſh may riſe where waters flow,
And flags beſide the ſtream;
But ſoon their verdure fades and dies
Before the ſcorching beam.

2 So is the ſinner's hope cut off;
Or, if it tranſient riſe,
'Tis like the ſpider's airy web,
From ev'ry breath that flies.

3 Fix'd on his houſe he leans; his houſe
And all its props decay:
He holds it faſt; but while he holds,
The tott'ring frame gives way.

4 Fair in his garden to the ſun
His boughs with verdure ſmile;
And, deeply fix'd, his ſpreading roots
Unſhaken ſtand a while.

5 But forth the ſentence flies from Heav'n
That ſweeps him from his place;
Which then denies him for its lord,
Nor owns it knew his face.

6 Lo! this the joy of wicked men,
Who Heav'n's high laws deſpiſe:
They quickly fall, and in their room
As quickly others riſe.

7 But, for the juſt, with gracious care
God will his pow'r employ:
He'll teach their lips to ſing his praiſe,
And fill their hearts with joy.

VII. Job ix. 2,—10.

1 HOW ſhould the ſons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God?
If he contends in righteouſneſs,
We ſink beneath his rod.

2 If he ſhould mark my words and thoughts
With ſtrict inquiring eyes,
Could I for one of thouſand faults
The leaſt excuſe deviſe?

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wiſe,
Who dares with him contend?
Or who, that tries th' unequal ſtriſe;
Shall proſper in the end?

4 He makes the mountains feel his wrath,
And their old ſeats forſake;
The trembling Earth deſerts her place,
And all her pillars ſhake.

5 He bids the ſun forbear to riſe;
Th' obedient ſun forbears:
His hand with ſackcloth ſpreads the ſkies,
And ſeals up all the ſtars.

6 He walks upon the raging ſea;
Flies on the ſtormy wind;
None can explore his wondrous way,
Or his dark footſteps find.

VIII. Job xiv. 1,—15.

1 FEW are thy days, and full of wo,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Duſt thou art,
"And ſhalt to duſt return."

2 Behold the emblem of thy ſtate
In flow'rs that bloom and die,
Or in the ſhadow's fleeting form,
That mocks the gazer's eye.

3 Guilty and frail, how ſhalt thou ſtand
Before thy Sov'reign Lord?
Can troubled and polluted ſprings
A hallow'd ſtream afford.

4 Determin'd are the days that fly
Succeſſive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.

5 Great God! afflict not in thy wrath
The ſhort allotted ſpan,
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.

6 All nature dies, and lives again:
The flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and bloſſoms yield,

7 Reſign the honours of their form
At winter's ſtormy blaſt,
And leave the naked, leafleſs plain,
A deſolated waſte.

8 Yet ſoon reviving plants and flow'rs
Anew ſhall deck the plain;
The woods ſhall hear the voice of Spring,
And flouriſh green again.

9 But man forſakes this earthly ſcene,
Ah! never to return:
Shall any foll'wing ſpring revive
The aſhes of the urn?

10 The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters loſt
From that abyſs again.

11 So days, and years, and ages paſt,
Deſcending down to night,
Can henceforth never more return
Back to the gates of light.

12 And man, when laid in loneſome grave,
Shall ſleep in Death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The ſlumbers of the tomb.

13 O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful reſt,

Whence I ſhall gladly riſe at length,
And mingle with the bleſt!

14 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind
I'll wait Heav'n's high decree,
Till the appointed period come
When Death ſhall ſet me free.

IX. Job xxvi. 6. to the end.

1 WHO can reſiſt th' Almighty arm
That made the ſtarry ſky?
Or who elude the certain glance
Of God's all-ſeeing eye?

2 From him no cov'ring veils our crimes;
Hell opens to his ſight;
And all deſtruction's ſecret ſnares
Lie full diſclos'd in light.

3 Firm on the boundleſs void of ſpace
He poiz'd the ſteady pole;
And in the circle of his clouds
Bade ſecret waters roll.

4 While nature's univerſal frame
Its Maker's pow'r reveals,
His throne, remote from mortal eyes,
An awful cloud conceals.

5 From where the riſing day aſcends,
To where it ſets in night,
He compaſſes the floods with bounds,
And checks their threat'ning might.

6 The pillars that ſupport the ſky
Tremble at his rebuke;
Through all its caverns quakes the earth,
As though its centre ſhook.

7 He brings the waters from their beds,
Although no tempeſt blows;

And ſmites the kingdom of the proud
Without the hand of foes.

8 With bright inhabitants above
He fills the heav'nly land,
And all the crooked ſerpent's breed
Diſmay'd before him ſtand.

9 Few of his works can we ſurvey;
Theſe few our ſkill tranſcend;
But the full thunder of his pow'r
What heart can comprehend?

X. Prov. i. 20,—31.

1 IN ſtreets, and op'nings of the gates,
Where pours the buſy crowd,
Thus heav'nly Wiſdom lifts her voice,
And cries to men aloud:

2 How long, ye ſcorners of the truth,
Scornful will ye remain?
How long ſhall fools their folly love,
And hear my words in vain?

3 O turn, at laſt, at my reproof!
And, in that happy hour,
His bleſs'd effuſions on your heart
My Spirit down ſhall pour.

4 But ſince ſo long with earneſt voice
To you in vain I call,
Since all my counſels and reproofs
Thus ineffectual fall:

5 The time will come, when, humbled low
In ſorrow's evil day,
Your voice by anguiſh ſhall be taught,
But taught too late, to pray.

6 When, like the whirlwind, o'er the deep
Comes Deſolation's blaſt,

Pray'rs then extorted ſhall be vain,
The hour of mercy paſt.

7 The choice you made has fix'd your doom;
For this is Heav'n's decree,
That with the fruits of what he ſow'd
The ſinner fill'd ſhall be.

XI. Prov. iii. 13,—17.

1 O Happy is the man who hears
Inſtruction's warning voice;
And who celeſtial Wiſdom makes
His early, only choice!

2 For ſhe has treaſures greater far
Than eaſt or weſt unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their ſtores of gold.

3 In her right hand ſhe holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with ſplendid honours join'd,
Are what her left diſplays.

4 She guides the young with innocence
In pleaſure's paths to tread;
A crown of glory ſhe beſtows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours riſe,
So her rewards increaſe;
Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs,
And all her paths are peace.

XII. Prov. vi. 6,—12.

1 YE indolent and ſlothful! riſe,
View the ant's labours, and be wiſe.
She has no guide to point her way,
No ruler chiding her delay.

2 Yet ſee with what inceſſant cares
She for the winter's ſtorm prepares;
In ſummer ſhe provides her meat,
And harveſt finds her ſtore compleat.

3 But when will ſlothful man ariſe?
How long ſhall ſleep ſeal up his eyes?
Sloth more indulgence ſtill demands;
Sloth ſhuts the eyes, and folds the hands.

4 But mark the end: want ſhall aſſail,
When all your ſtrength and vigour fail;
Want, like an armed man, ſhall ruſh
The hoary head of age to cruſh.

XIII. Prov. viii. 22, to the end.

1 KEEP ſilence, all ye ſons of men,
And hear with reverence due;
Eternal Wiſdom from above
Thus lifts her voice to you:

2 I was th' Almighty's chief delight
From everlaſting days,
Ere yet his arm was ſtretched forth
The heav'ns and earth to raiſe.

3 Before the ſea began to flow,
And leave the ſolid land,
Before the hills and mountains roſe,
I dwelt at his right hand.

4 When firſt he rear'd the arch of heav'n,
And ſpread the clouds on air,
When firſt the fountains of the deep
He open'd, I was there.

5 There I was with him when he ſtretch'd
His compaſs o'er the deep,
And charg'd the ocean's ſwelling waves
Within their bounds to keep.

6 With joy I ſaw th' abode prepar'd
Which men were ſoon to fill:
Them from the firſt of days I lov'd;
Unchang'd, I love them ſtill.

7 Now therefore hearken to my words,
Ye children, and be wiſe:
Happy the man that keeps my ways;
The man that ſhuns them, dies.

8 Where dubious paths perplex the mind,
Direction I afford;
Life ſhall be his that follows me,
And favour from the Lord.

9 But he who ſcorns my ſacred laws
Shall deeply wound his heart;
He courts deſtruction who contemns
The counſel I impart.

XIV. Eccles. vii. 2,—6.

1 WHile others crowd the houſe of mirth,
And haunt the gaudy ſhow,
Let ſuch as would with wiſdom dwell,
Frequent the houſe of wo.

2 Better to weep with thoſe who weep,
And ſhare th' afflicted's ſmart,
Than mix with fools in giddy joys,
That cheat and wound the heart.

3 When virtuous ſorrow clouds the face,
And tears bedim the eye,
The ſoul is led to ſolemn thought,
And wafted to the ſky.

4 The wiſe in heart reviſit oft
Grief's dark ſequeſter'd cell;
The thoughtleſs, ſtill, with levity
And mirth delight to dwell.

5 The noiſy laughter of the fool
Is like the crackling ſound
Of blazing thorns, which quickly fall
In aſhes to the ground.

XV. Eccles. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

1 AS long as life its term extends,
Hope's bleſt dominion never ends;
For while the lamp holds on to burn,
The greateſt ſinner may return.

2 Life is the ſeaſon God hath giv'n
To fly from hell, and riſe to heav'n;
That day of grace fleets faſt away,
And none its rapid courſe can ſtay.

3 The living know that they muſt die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their name is gone;
Alike unknowing, and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love is loſt,
Their envy bury'd in the duſt;
They have no ſhare in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the ſun.

5 Then, what thy thoughts deſign to do,
Still let thy hands with might purſue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor wiſdom, underneath the ground.

6 In the cold grave, to which we haſte,
There are no acts of pardon paſt;
But fix'd the doom of all remains,
And everlaſting ſilence reigns.

XVI. Eccles. xii. 1.

1 IN life's gay morn, when ſprightly youth
With vital ardour glows,

And ſhines in all the faireſt charms
Which beauty can diſcloſe;

2 Deep on thy ſoul, before its pow'rs
Are yet by vice enſlav'd,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engrav'd.

3 For ſoon the ſhades of grief ſhall cloud
The ſunſhine of thy days;
And cares, and toils, in endleſs round,
Encompaſs all thy ways.

4 Soon ſhall thy heart, the woes of age,
In mournful groans deplore,
And ſadly muſe on former joys,
That now return no more.

XVII. Isaiah i. 10,—19.

1 RULERS of Sodom! hear the voice
Of heav'n's eternal Lord;
Men of Gomorrah! bend your ear
Submiſſive to his word.

2 'Tis thus he ſpeaks: To what intent
Are your oblations vain?
Why load my altars with your gifts,
Polluted and profane?

3 Burnt-off'rings long may blaze to heav'n,
And incenſe cloud the ſkies;
The worſhip and the worſhipper
Are hateful in my eyes.

4 Your rites, your faſts, your pray'rs, I ſcorn,
And pomp of ſolemn days:
I know your hearts are full of guile,
And crooked are your ways.

5 But cleanſe your hands, ye guilty race,
And ceaſe from deeds of ſin;

Learn in your actions to be juſt,
And pure in heart within.

6 Mock not my name with honours vain,
But keep my holy laws;
Do juſtice to the friendleſs poor,
And plead the widow's cauſe.

7 Then, tho' your guilty ſouls are ſtain'd
With ſins of crimſon dye,
Yet, thro' my grace, with ſnow itſelf
In whiteneſs they ſhall vie.

XVIII. ISAIAH ii. 2,—6.

1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days ſhall riſe
On mountain-tops above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues ſhall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll ſay,
And to his houſe, we'll go.

3 The beam that ſhines from Zion hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he ſhall judge:
His judgments truth ſhall guide;
His ſceptre ſhall protect the juſt,
And quell the ſinner's pride.

5 No ſtrife ſhall rage, nor hoſtile feuds
Diſturb thoſe peaceful years;
To ploughſhares men ſhall beat their ſwords,
To pruning hooks their ſpears.

6 No longer hoſts encount'ring hoſts
Shall crowds of ſlain deplore;

They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And ſtudy war no more.

7 Come, then, O houſe of Jacob! come
To worſhip at his ſhrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties, ſhine.

XIX. Isaiah ix. 2,—8.

1 THE race that long in darkneſs pin'd
Have ſeen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day who dwelt
In death's ſurrounding night.

2 To hail thy riſe, thou better Sun!
The gath'ring nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harveſt treaſures home.

3 For thou our burden haſt remov'd,
And quell'd th' oppreſſor's ſway;
Quick as the ſlaughter'd ſquadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.

4 To us a Child of hope is born;
To us a Son is giv'n;
Him ſhall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hoſts of heav'n.

5 His name ſhall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore ador'd;
The Wonderful, the Counſellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

6 His pow'r increaſing ſtill ſhall ſpread;
His reign no end ſhall know:
Juſtice ſhall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

XX. Isaiah xxvi. 1,—7.

1 HOW glorious Zion's courts appear,
The city of our God!
His throne he hath eſtabliſh'd here,
Here fix'd his lov'd abode.

2 Its walls, defended by his grace,
No pow'r ſhall e'er o'erthrow;
Salvation is its bulwark ſure
Againſt th' aſſailing foe.

3 Lift up the everlaſting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations, who obey
The ſtatutes of our King.

4 Here ſhall ye taſte unmingled joys,
And dwell in perfect peace,
Ye who have known Jehovah's name,
And truſted in his grace.

5 Truſt in the Lord, for ever truſt!
And baniſh all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells
Eternal as his years.

6 What though the wicked dwell on high?
His arm ſhall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads ſhall bow.

7 Along the duſt ſhall then be ſpread
Their tow'rs that brave the ſkies;
On them the needy's feet ſhall tread,
And on their ruins riſe.

XXI. Isaiah xxxiii. 13,—18.

1 ATTEND, ye tribes that dwell remote,
Ye tribes at hand give ear;

Th' upright in heart alone have hope,
The falſe in heart have fear.

2 The man who walks with God in truth,
And ev'ry guile diſdains;
Who hates to lift Oppreſſion's rod,
And ſcorns its ſhameful gains;

3 Whoſe ſoul abhors the impious bribe
That tempts from truth to ſtray;
And from th' enticing ſnares of vice
Who turns his eyes away:

4 His dwelling, 'midſt the ſtrength of rocks,
Shall ever ſtand ſecure;
His Father will provide his bread,
His water ſhall be ſure.

5 For him the kingdom of the juſt
Afar doth glorious ſhine;
And he the King of kings ſhall ſee
In majeſty divine.

XXII. ISAIAH xl. 27, to the end.

1 WHY pour'ſt thou forth thine anxious plaint,
Deſpairing of relief,
As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cauſe,
And did not heed thy grief?

2 Haſt thou not known, haſt thou not heard,
That firm remains on high
The everlaſting throne of Him
Who form'd the earth and ſky?

3 Art thou afraid his pow'r ſhall fail
When comes thy evil day?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary, or decay?

4 Supreme in wiſdom as in pow'r
The Rock of ages ſtands;

Tho' Him thou canſt not ſee, nor trace
The working of his hands.

5 He gives the conqueſt to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heav'nly aids impart.

6 Mere human pow'r ſhall faſt decay,
And youthful vigour ceaſe;
But they who wait upon the Lord,
In ſtrength ſhall ſtill increaſe.

7 They with unweary'd feet ſhall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightneſs ſhine.

8 On eagle's wings they mount, they ſoar,
Their wings are faith and love,
Till, paſt the cloudy regions here,
They riſe to heav'n above.

XXIII. Isaiah xlii. 1,—13.

1 BEHOLD my Servant! ſee him riſe
Exalted in my might!
Him have I choſen, and in him
I place ſupreme delight.

2 On him, in rich effuſion pour'd,
My Spirit ſhall deſcend;
My truths and judgments he ſhall ſhow
To earth's remoteſt end.

3 Gentle and ſtill ſhall be his voice,
No threats from him proceed;
The ſmoking flax he ſhall not quench,
Nor break the bruiſed reed.

4 The feeble ſpark to flames he'll raiſe;
The weak will not deſpiſe;

Judgment he ſhall bring forth to truth,
And make the fallen riſe.

5 The progreſs of his zeal and pow'r
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands, and diſtant iſles,
Receive the law divine.

6 He who erected heav'n's bright arch,
And bade the planets roll,
Who peopl'd all the climes of earth,
And form'd the human ſoul,

7 Thus ſaith the Lord, Thee have I rais'd,
My Prophet thee inſtall;
In right I've rais'd thee, and in ſtrength
I'll ſuccour whom I call.

8 I will eſtabliſh with the lands
A covenant in thee,
To give the Gentile nations light,
And ſet the pris'ners free.

9 Aſunder burſt the gates of braſs,
The iron fetters fall;
And gladſome light, and liberty,
Are ſtraight reſtor'd to all.

10 I am the Lord, and by the name
Of great JEHOVAH known;
No idol ſhall uſurp my praiſe,
Nor mount into my throne.

11 Lo! former ſcenes, predicted once,
Conſpicuous riſe to view:
And future ſcenes, predicted now,
Shall be accompliſh'd too.

12 Sing to the Lord in joyful ſtrains!
Let earth his praiſe reſound,
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the iſles around!

13 O city of the Lord! begin
The univerſal ſong;
And let the ſcatter'd villages
The cheerful notes prolong.

14 Let Kedar's wilderneſs afar
Lift up its lonely voice,
And let the tenants of the rock
With accents rude rejoice;

15 Till 'midſt the ſtreams of diſtant lands
The iſlands ſound his praiſe;
And all combin'd, with one accord,
JEHOVAH's glories raiſe.

XXIV. ISAIAH xlix. 13,—17.

1 YE heav'ns ſend forth your ſong of praiſe!
Earth, raiſe your voice below!
Let hills and mountains join the hymn,
And joy through nature flow.

2 Behold how gracious is our God!
Hear the conſoling ſtrains
In which he cheers our drooping hearts,
And mitigates our pains.

3 Ceaſe ye, when days of darkneſs come,
In ſad diſmay to mourn,
As if the Lord could leave his ſaints
Forſaken or forlorn.

4 Can the fond mother e'er forget
The infant whom ſhe bore?
And can its plaintive cries be heard,
Nor move compaſſion more?

5 She may forget: nature may fail
A parent's heart to move;
But Zion on my heart ſhall dwell
In everlaſting love.

6 Full in my ſight, upon my hands
I have engrav'd her name;
My hands ſhall build her ruin'd walls,
And raiſe her broken frame.

XXV. Isaiah liii.

1 HOW few receive with cordial faith
The tidings which we bring?
How few have ſeen the arm reveal'd
Of heav'n's eternal King?

2 The Saviour comes! no outward pomp
Beſpeaks his preſence nigh;
No earthly beauty ſhines in him
To draw the carnal eye.

3 Fair as a beauteous tender flow'r
Amidſt the deſert grows,
So, ſlighted by a rebel-race,
The heav'nly Saviour roſe.

4 Rejected and deſpis'd of men,
Behold a man of wo!
Grief was his cloſe companion ſtill
Through all his life below.

5 Yet all the griefs he felt were ours,
Ours were the woes he bore;
Pangs not his own, his ſpotleſs ſoul
With bitter anguiſh tore.

6 We held him as condemn'd by Heav'n,
An outcaſt from his God,
While for our ſins he groan'd, he bled,
Beneath his Father's rod.

7 His ſacred blood hath waſh'd our ſouls
From ſin's polluted ſtain;
His ſtripes hath heal'd us, and his death
Reviv'd our ſouls again.

8 We all, like ſheep, had gone aſtray
In ruin's fatal road:
On him were our tranſgreſſions laid;
He bore the mighty load.

9 Wrong'd and oppreſs'd, how meekly he
In patient ſilence ſtood!
Mute, as the peaceful harmleſs lamb
When brought to ſhed its blood.

10 Who can his generation tell?
From priſon ſee him led,
With impious ſhow of law condemn'd,
And number'd with the dead.

11 'Midſt ſinners low in duſt he lay;
The rich a grave ſupply'd:
Unſpotted was his blameleſs life;
Unſtain'd by ſin, he dy'd.

12 Yet God ſhall raiſe his head on high,
Though thus he brought him low;
His ſacred off'ring, when complete,
Shall terminate his wo.

13 For, ſaith the Lord, my pleaſure then
Shall proſper in his hand:
His ſhall a num'rous offspring be,
And ſtill his honours ſtand.

14 His ſoul, rejoicing, ſhall behold
The purchaſe of his pain;
And all the guilty whom he ſav'd,
Shall bleſs Meſſiah's reign.

15 He with the great ſhall ſhare the ſpoil,
And baffle all his foes;
Tho' rank'd with ſinners here he fell,
A conqueror he roſe.

16 He dy'd to bear the guilt of men,
That ſin might be forgiv'n:

He lives to bleſs them and defend,
And plead their cauſe in heav'n.

XXVI. Isaiah lv.

1 HO! ye that thirſt, approach the ſpring
Where living waters flow;
Free to that ſacred fountain all
Without a price may go.

2 How long to ſtreams of falſe delight
Will ye in crowds repair?
How long your ſtrength and ſubſtance waſte
On trifles light as air?

3 My ſtores afford thoſe rich ſupplies
That health and pleaſure give:
Incline your ear, and come to me;
The ſoul that hears ſhall live.

4 With you a cov'nant I will make
That ever ſhall endure;
The hope which gladden'd David's heart
My mercy hath made ſure.

5 Behold he comes! your Leader comes,
With might and honour crown'd;
A witneſs, who ſhall ſpread my name
To earth's remoteſt bound.

6 See! nations haſten to his call
From ev'ry diſtant ſhore;
Iſles yet unknown ſhall bow to him,
And Iſra'l's God adore.

7 Seek ye the Lord, while yet his ear
Is open to your call;
While offer'd mercy ſtill is near,
Before his footſtool fall.

8 Let ſinners quit their evil ways,
Their evil thoughts forego;

And God, when they to him return,
Returning grace will ſhow.

9 He pardons with o'erflowing love:
For hear the voice divine;
My nature is not like to yours,
Nor like your ways are mine:

10 But far as heav'n's reſplendent orbs
Beyond earth's ſpot extend,
As far my thoughts, as far my ways,
Your ways and thoughts tranſcend.

11 And as the rains from heav'n diſtil,
Nor thither mount again,
But ſwell the earth with fruitful juice,
And all its tribes ſuſtain;

12 So not a word that flows from me
Shall ineffectual fall;
But univerſal nature prove
Obedient to my call.

13 With joy and peace ſhall then be led
The glad converted lands;
The lofty mountains then ſhall ſing,
The foreſts clap their hands.

14 Where briars grew 'midſt barren wilds,
Shall firs and myrtles ſpring;
And nature, thro' its utmoſt bounds,
Eternal praiſes ſing.

XXVII. Isaiah lvii. 15, 16.

1 THUS ſpeaks the high and lofty One,
Ye tribes of earth, give ear;
The words of your Almighty King
With ſacred rev'rence hear:

2 Amidſt the majeſty of heav'n
My throne is fix'd on high;

And through eternity I hear
The praiſes of the ſky:

3 Yet, looking down, I viſit oft
The humble hallow'd cell;
And with the penitent who mourn,
'Tis my delight to dwell.

4 The downcaſt ſpirit to revive,
The ſad in ſoul to cheer;
And from the bed of duſt the man
Of heart contrite to rear.

5 With me dwells no relentleſs wrath
Againſt the human race;
The ſouls which I have form'd ſhall find
A refuge in my grace.

XXVIII. ISAIAH lviii. 5,—9.

1 ATTEND, and mark the ſolemn faſt
Which to the Lord is dear:
Diſdain the falſe unhallow'd maſk
Which vain diſſemblers wear.

2 Do I delight in ſorrow's dreſs?
Saith he who reigns above;
The hanging head and rueful look,
Will they attract my love?

3 Let ſuch as feel oppreſſion's load
Thy tender pity ſhare;
And let the helpleſs, homeleſs poor,
Be thy peculiar care.

4 Go, bid the hungry orphan be
With thy abundance bleſs'd;
Invite the wand'rer to thy gate,
And ſpread the couch of reſt.

5 Let him who pines with piercing cold
By thee be warm'd and clad;

Be thine the blissful task to make
The downcast mourner glad.

6 Then, bright as morning, shall come forth,
In peace and joy, thy days;
And glory from the Lord above
Shall shine on all thy ways.

XXIX. LAMENT. iii. 37—40.

1 AMIDST the mighty, where is he
Who saith and it is done?
Each varying scene of changeful life
Is from the Lord alone.

2 He gives in gladsome bow'rs to dwell,
Or clothes in sorrow's shroud;
His hand hath form'd the light, his hand
Hath form'd the dark'ning cloud.

3 Why should a living man complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod?
Our sins afflict us; and the cross
Must bring us back to God.

4 O sons of men! with anxious care
Your hearts and ways explore;
Return from paths of vice to God:
Return, and sin no more!

XXX. HOSEA vi. 1, —4.

1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

3 Long hath the night of ſorrow reign'd;
The dawn ſhall bring us light;
God ſhall appear, and we ſhall riſe
With gladneſs in his ſight.

4 Our hearts, if God we ſeek to know,
Shall know him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn ſhall be,
Like morning-ſongs his voice.

5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffuſing fragrance round;
As ſhow'rs that uſher in the ſpring,
And cheer the thirſty ground:

6 So ſhall his preſence bleſs our ſouls,
And ſhed a joyful light;
That hallow'd morn ſhall chaſe away
The ſorrows of the night.

XXXI. MICAH vi. 6—9.

1 THUS ſpeaks the Heathen: How ſhall man
The Pow'r Supreme adore?
With what accepted off'rings come
His mercy to implore?

2 Shall clouds of incenſe to the ſkies
With grateful odours ſpeed?
Or victims from a thouſand hills
Upon the altar bleed?

3 Does juſtice nobler blood demand
To ſave the ſinner's life?
Shall, trembling, in his offspring's ſide,
The father plunge the knife?

4 No: God rejects the bloody rites
Which blindfold zeal began;
His oracles of truth proclaim
The meſſage brought to man.

5 He what is good hath clearly ſhown,
O favour'd race! to thee.
And what doth God require of thoſe
Who bend to him the knee?

6 Thy deeds let ſacred juſtice rule;
Thy heart let mercy fill;
And, walking humbly with thy God,
To him reſign thy will.

XXXII. HABAK. iii. 17, 18.

1 WHAT though no flow'rs the fig-tree clothe,
Tho' vines their fruit deny;
The labour of the olive fail,
And fields no meat ſupply?

2 Though from the fold, with ſad ſurpriſe,
My flock cut off I ſee;
Though famine pines in empty ſtalls
Where herds were wont to be?

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my ſalvation prove.

4 He to my tardy feet ſhall lend
The ſwiftneſs of the roe;
Till, rais'd on high, I ſafely dwell
Beyond the reach of wo.

5 God is the treaſure of my ſoul,
The ſource of laſting joy;
A joy which want ſhall not impair,
Nor death itſelf deſtroy.

XXXIII. MATTH. vi. 9,—14.

1 FATHER of all! we bow to thee,
Who dwell'ſt in heav'n ador'd;

But present still through all thy works,
The universal Lord.

2 For ever hallow'd be thy name
By all beneath the skies;
And may thy kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.

3 A grateful homage may we yield,
With hearts resign'd to thee;
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.

4 From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still:
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented in thy will.

5 Our sins before thee we confess;
O may they be forgiv'n!
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg from Heav'n.

6 Still let thy grace our life direct;
From evil guard our way;
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.

7 For thine the pow'r, the kingdom thine;
All glory's due to thee;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

XXXIV. MATTH. xi. 25, to the end.

1 THUS spoke the Saviour of the world,
And rais'd his eyes to heav'n:
To thee, O Father! Lord of all,
Eternal praise be giv'n.

2 Thou to the pure and lowly heart
Hast heav'nly truth reveal'd,

Which from the ſelf-conceited mind
Thy wiſdom hath conceal'd.

3 Even ſo, thou Father! haſt ordain'd
Thy high decree to ſtand;
Nor men nor angels may preſume
The reaſon to demand.

4 Thou only know'ſt the Son; from thee
My kingdom I receive;
And none the Father know but they
Who in the Son believe.

5 Come then to me, all ye who groan,
With guilt and fears oppreſs'd;
Reſign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you reſt.

6 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
The meek and lowly mind;
And thus your weary troubled ſouls
Repoſe and peace ſhall find.

7 For light and gentle is my yoke;
The burden I impoſe
Shall eaſe the heart which groan'd before
Beneath a load of woes.

XXXV. MATTH. xxvi. 26,—29.

1 'TWAS on that night when doom'd to know
The eager rage of ev'ry foe,
That night in which he was betray'd,
The Saviour of the world took bread;

2 And after thanks and glory giv'n
To Him that rules in earth and heav'n,
That ſymbol of his fleſh he broke,
And thus to all his followers ſpoke:

3 My broken body thus I give
For you, for all; take, eat, and live;

And oft the ſacred rite renew,
That brings my wondrous love to view.

4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
And God anew he thank'd and prais'd,
While kindneſs in his boſom glow'd,
And from his lips ſalvation flow'd.

5 My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanſe the ſoul in ſin that lies;
In this the covenant is ſeal'd,
And heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.

6 With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the ſacred draught;
Through lateſt ages let it pour
In mem'ry of my dying hour.

XXXVI. Luke i. 46,—56.

1 MY ſoul and ſpirit, fill'd with joy,
My God and Saviour praiſe,
Whoſe goodneſs did from poor eſtate
His humble handmaid raiſe.

2 Me bleſs'd of God, the God of might,
All ages ſhall proclaim;
From age to age his mercy laſts,
And holy is his name.

3 Strength with his arm th'Almighty ſhew'd;
The proud his looks abas'd;
He caſt the mighty to the ground,
The meek to honour rais'd.

4 The hungry with good things were fill'd,
The rich with hunger pin'd;
He ſent his ſervant Iſra'l help,
And call'd his love to mind;

5 Which to our fathers' ancient race
His promiſe did enſure,

To Abrah'm and his choſen ſeed,
For ever to endure.

XXXVII. Luke ii. 8,—15.

1 WHILE humble ſhepherds watch'd their flocks
In Bethleh'm's plains by night,
An angel ſent from heav'n appear'd,
And fill'd the plains with light.

2 Fear not, he ſaid, (for ſudden dread
Had ſeiz'd their troubled mind;)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Chriſt the Lord;
And this ſhall be the ſign:

4 The heav'nly Babe you there ſhall find
To human view diſplay'd,
All meanly wrapt in ſwaddling bands,
And in a manger laid.

5 Thus ſpake the ſeraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a ſhining throng
Of angels, praiſing God; and thus
Addreſs'd their joyful ſong.

6 All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will is ſhown by Heav'n to men,
And never more ſhall ceaſe.

XXXVIII. Luke ii. 25,—33.

1 JUST and devout old Simeon liv'd;
To him it was reveal'd,
That Chriſt, the Lord, his eyes ſhould ſee
Ere death his eye-lids ſeal'd.

2 For this conſoling gift of Heav'n
To Iſra'l's fallen ſtate,
From year to year with patient hope
The aged ſaint did wait.

3 Nor did he wait in vain; for, lo!
Revolving years brought round,
In ſeaſon due, the happy day,
Which all his wiſhes crown'd.

4 When Jeſus to the temple brought
By Mary's pious care,
As Heav'n's appointed rites requir'd,
To God was offer'd there,

5 Simeon into thoſe ſacred courts
A heav'nly impulſe drew;
He ſaw the Virgin hold her Son,
And ſtraight his Lord he knew.

6 With holy joy upon his face,
The good old father ſmil'd;
Then fondly in his wither'd arms
He claſp'd the promis'd child:

7 And while he held the heav'n-born Babe,
Ordain'd to bleſs mankind,
Thus ſpoke with earneſt look, and heart
Exulting, yet reſign'd,

8 Now, Lord! according to thy word,
Let me in peace depart;
Mine eyes have thy ſalvation ſeen,
And gladneſs fills my heart.

9 At length my arms embrace my Lord,
Now let their vigour ceaſe;
At laſt my eyes my Saviour ſee,
Now let them cloſe in peace.

10 This great ſalvation, long prepar'd,
And now diſclos'd to view,

Hath prov'd thy love was conſtant ſtill,
And promiſes were true.

11 That Son I now behold, whoſe light
Shall Heathen darkneſs chaſe;
And rays of brighteſt glory pour
Around thy choſen race.

XXXIX. Luke iv. 18, 19.

1 Hark, the glad ſound, the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long;
Let ev'ry heart exult with joy,
And ev'ry voice be ſong!

2 On him the Spirit, largely ſhed,
Exerts its ſacred fire;
Wiſdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breaſt inſpire.

3 He comes! the pris'ners to relieve
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of braſs before him burſt,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes! from dark'ning ſcales of vice
To clear the inward ſight;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celeſtial light.

5 He comes! the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding ſouls to cure;
And with the treaſures of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.

6 The ſacred year has now revolv'd,
Accepted of the Lord,
When Heav'n's high promiſe is fulfill'd,
And Iſra'l is reſtor'd.

7 Our glad hoſannas, Prince of Peace!
Thy welcome ſhall proclaim;

And heav'n's exalted arches ring
With thy moſt honour'd name.

XL. Luke xv. 13,—25.

1 THE wretched prodigal behold
In mis'ry lying low,
Whom vice had ſunk from high eſtate,
And plung'd in want and wo.

2 While I, deſpis'd and ſcorn'd, he cries,
Starve in a foreign land,
The meaneſt in my father's houſe
Is fed with bounteous hand:

3 I'll go, and with a mourning voice
Fall down before his face:
Father! I've ſinn'd 'gainſt heav'n and thee,
Nor can deſerve thy grace.

4 He ſaid, and haſten'd to his home
To ſeek his father's love:
The father ſees him from afar,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiſs'd his ſon;
The grieving prodigal bewail'd
The follies he had done.

6 No more, my father, can I hope
To find paternal grace;
My utmoſt wiſh is to obtain
A ſervant's humble place.

7 Bring forth the faireſt robe for him,
The joyful father ſaid;
To him each mark of grace be ſhown,
And ev'ry honour paid.

8 A day of feaſting I ordain;
Let mirth and ſong abound:

My ſon was dead, and lives again;
Was loſt, and now is found.

9 Thus joy abounds in paradiſe
Among the hoſts of heav'n,
Soon as the ſinner quits his ſins,
Repents, and is forgiv'n.

XLI. JOHN iii. 14,—19.

1 AS when the Hebrew prophet rais'd
The brazen ſerpent high,
The wounded look'd, and ſtraight were cur'd,
The people ceas'd to die.

2 So from the Saviour on the croſs
A healing virtue flows;
Who looks to him with lively faith
Is ſav'd from endleſs woes.

3 For God gave up his Son to death,
So gen'rous was his love,
That all the faithful might enjoy
Eternal life above.

4 Not to condemn the ſons of men
The Son of God appear'd;
No weapons in his hand are ſeen,
Nor voice of terror heard:

5 He came to raiſe our fallen ſtate,
And our loſt hopes reſtore:
Faith leads us to the mercy-ſeat,
And bids us fear no more.

6 But vengeance juſt for ever lies
On all the rebel race,
Who God's eternal Son deſpiſe,
And ſcorn his offer'd grace.

XLII. JOHN xiv. 1,—7.

1 LET not your hearts with anxious thoughts
Be troubl'd or diſmay'd;
But truſt in Providence divine,
And truſt my gracious aid.

2 I to my Father's houſe return;
There num'rous manſions ſtand,
And glory manifold abounds
Through all the happy land.

3 I go your entrance to ſecure,
And your abode prepare;
Regions unknown are ſafe to you,
When I, your Friend, am there.

4 Thence ſhall I come, when ages cloſe,
To take you home with me;
There we ſhall meet to part no more,
And ſtill together be.

5 I am the way, the truth, the life:
No ſon of human race,
But ſuch as I conduct and guide,
Shall ſee my Father's face.

XLIII. JOHN xiv. 25,—28.

1 YOU now muſt hear my voice no more;
My Father calls me home;
But ſoon from heav'n the Holy Ghoſt,
Your Comforter, ſhall come.

2 That heav'nly Teacher, ſent from God,
Shall your whole ſoul inſpire,
Your minds ſhall fill with ſacred truth,
Your hearts with ſacred fire.

3 Peace is the gift I leave with you,
My peace to you bequeath;

Peace that ſhall comfort you thro' life,
And cheer your ſouls in death.

4 I give not, as the world beſtows,
With promiſe falſe and vain;
Nor cares, nor fears, ſhall wound the heart
In which my words remain.

XLIV. John xix. 30.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour on the croſs,
A ſpectacle of wo!
See from his agonizing wounds
The blood inceſſant flow,

2 Till death's pale enſigns o'er his cheek
And trembling lips were ſpread;
Till light forſook his cloſing eyes,
And life his drooping head.

3 'Tis finiſh'd—was his lateſt voice;
Theſe ſacred accents o'er,
He bow'd his head, gave up the ghoſt,
And ſuffer'd pain no more.

4 'Tis finiſh'd—The Meſſiah dies
For ſins, but not his own;
The great redemption is complete,
And Satan's pow'r o'erthrown.

5 'Tis finiſh'd—All his groans are paſt;
His blood, his pain, and toils,
Have fully vanquiſhed our foes,
And crown'd him with their ſpoils.

6 'Tis finiſh'd—Legal worſhip ends,
And goſpel ages run;
All old things now are paſt away,
And a new world begun.

XLV. Romans ii. 4,—8.

1 UNgrateful ſinners! whence this ſcorn
Of God's long ſuff'ring grace?
And whence this madneſs that inſults
Th' Almighty to his face?

2 Is it becauſe his patience waits,
And pitying bowels move,
You multiply tranſgreſſions more,
And ſcorn his offer'd love?

3 Doſt thou not know, ſelf-blinded man!
His goodneſs is deſign'd
To wake repentance in thy ſoul,
And melt thy harden'd mind?

4 And wilt thou rather chooſe to meet
Th' Almighty as thy foe,
And treaſure up his wrath in ſtore
Againſt the day of woe?

5 Soon ſhall that fatal day approach,
That muſt thy ſentence ſeal,
And righteous judgments now unknown
In awful pomp reveal;

6 While they who full of holy deeds
To glory ſeek to riſe,
Continuing patient to the end,
Shall gain th' immortal prize.

XLVI. Romans iii. 16,—22.

1 VAIN are the hopes the ſons of men
Upon their works have built;
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
Their actions full of guilt.

2 Silent let Jew and Gentile ſtand,
Without one vaunting word;

And, humbled low, confeſs their guilt
Before heav'n's righteous Lord.

3 No hope can on the law be built
Of juſtifying grace;
The law, that ſhows the ſinner's guilt,
Condemns him to his face.

4 Jeſus! how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we truſt,
Our faith receives a righteouſneſs
That makes the ſinner juſt.

XLVII. Romans vi. 1,—7.

1 AND ſhall we then go on to ſin,
That grace may more abound?
Great God, forbid that ſuch a thought
Should in our breaſt be found!

2 When to the ſacred font we came,
Did not the rite proclaim,
That waſh'd from ſin, and all its ſtains,
New creatures we became?

3 With Chriſt the Lord we dy'd to ſin;
With him to life we riſe,
To life, which now begun on earth
Is perfect in the ſkies.

4 Too long enthrall'd to Satan's ſway,
We now are ſlaves no more;
For Chriſt hath vanquiſh'd death and ſin,
Our freedom to reſtore.

XLVIII. Romans viii. 31, to the end.

1 LET Chriſtian faith and hope diſpel
The fears of guilt and woe;
The Lord Almighty is our friend,
And who can prove a foe?

2 He who his Son moſt dear and lov'd
Gave up for us to die,
Shall he not all things freely give
That goodneſs can ſupply?

3 Behold the beſt, the greateſt gift,
Of everlaſting love!
Behold the pledge of peace below,
And perfect bliſs above!

4 Where is the judge who can condemn,
Since God hath juſtify'd?
Who ſhall charge thoſe with guilt or crime,
For whom the Saviour dy'd?

5 The Saviour dy'd, but roſe again
Triumphant from the grave;
And pleads our cauſe at God's right hand,
Omnipotent to ſave.

6 Who, then, can e'er divide us more
From Jeſus and his love,
Or break the ſacred chain that binds
The earth to heav'n above?

7 Let troubles riſe, and terrors frown,
And days of darkneſs fall;
Through him all dangers we'll defy,
And more than conquer all.

8 Nor death nor life, nor earth nor hell,
Nor time's deſtroying ſway,
Can e'er efface us from his heart,
Or make his love decay.

9 Each future period that will bleſs
As it has bleſt the paſt;
He lov'd us from the firſt of time;
He loves us to the laſt.

XLIX. 1 CORINTH. xiii.

1 THO' perfect eloquence adorn'd
My ſweet perſuading tongue,
Tho' I could ſpeak in higher ſtrains
Than ever angel ſung;

2 Though prophecy my ſoul inſpir'd,
And made all myſt'ries plain:
Yet, were I void of Chriſtian love,
Theſe gifts were all in vain.

3 Nay, tho' my faith with boundleſs pow'r
Ev'n mountains could remove,
I ſtill am nothing, if I'm void
Of charity and love.

4 Although with lib'ral hand I gave
My goods the poor to feed,
Nay, gave my body to the flames,
Still fruitleſs were the deed.

5 Love ſuffers long; love envies not;
But love is ever kind:
She never boaſteth of herſelf,
Nor proudly lifts the mind.

6 Love harbours no ſuſpicious thought,
Is patient to the bad;
Griev'd when ſhe hears of ſins and crimes,
And in the truth is glad.

7 Love no unſeemly carriage ſhows,
Nor ſelfiſhly confin'd;
She glows with ſocial tenderneſs,
And feels for all mankind.

8 Love beareth much, much ſhe believes,
And ſtill ſhe hopes the beſt;
Love meekly ſuffers many a wrong,
Though ſore with hardſhip preſs'd.

9 Love ſtill ſhall hold an endleſs reign,
In earth and heav'n above,
When tongues ſhall ceaſe, and prophets fail,
And ev'ry gift but love.

10 Here all our gifts imperfect are;
But better days draw nigh,
When perfect light ſhall pour its rays,
And all thoſe ſhadows fly.

11 Like children here we ſpeak and think,
Amus'd with childiſh toys:
But when our pow'rs their manhood reach,
We'll ſcorn our preſent joys.

12 Now dark and dim, as thro' a glaſs,
Are God and truth beheld;
Then ſhall we ſee as face to face,
And God ſhall be unveil'd.

13 Faith, Hope, and Love, now dwell on earth,
And earth by them is bleſt;
But Faith and Hope muſt yield to Love,
Of all the graces beſt.

14 Hope ſhall to full fruition riſe,
And Faith be ſight above;
Theſe are the means, but this the end;
For ſaints for ever love.

L. 1 CORINTH. xv. 52, to the end.

1 WHEN the laſt trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth ſhall ſhake,
When op'ning graves ſhall yield their charge,
And duſt to life awake,

2 Thoſe bodies that corrupted fell,
Shall incorrupted riſe,
And mortal forms ſhall ſpring to life
Immortal in the ſkies.

3 Behold, what heav'nly prophets ſung,
Is now at laſt fulfill'd,
That Death ſhould yield his ancient reign,
And vanquiſh'd quit the field.

4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to ſing:
O Grave! where is thy triumph now?
And where, O Death! thy ſting?

5 Thy ſting was ſin and conſcious guilt;
'Twas this that arm'd thy dart;
The law gave ſin its ſtrength, and force
To pierce the ſinner's heart.

6 But God, whoſe name be ever bleſt!
Diſarms that foe we dread,
And makes us conqu'rors when we die,
Through Chriſt our living head.

7 Then ſtedfaſt let us ſtill remain,
Though dangers riſe around,
And in the work preſcrib'd by God
Yet more and more abound;

8 Aſſur'd that though we labour now,
We labour not in vain,
But, thro' the grace of heav'n's great Lord,
Th' eternal crown ſhall gain.

LI. 2 CORINTH. V. 1,—11.

1 SOON ſhall this earthly frame diſſolv'd
In death and ruins lie;
But better manſions wait the juſt,
Prepar'd above the ſky.

2 An houſe eternal, built by God,
Shall lodge the holy mind;
When once thoſe priſon-walls have fall'n
By which 'tis now confin'd.

3 Hence, burden'd with a weight of clay,
We groan beneath the load,
Waiting the hour which ſets us free,
And brings us home to God.

4 We know, that when the foul uncloath'd
Shall from this body fly,
'Twill animate a purer frame
With life that cannot die.

5 Such are the hopes that cheer the juſt;
Theſe hopes their God hath giv'n:
His Spirit is the earneſt now,
And ſeals their ſouls for heav'n.

6 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith grounded on his word;
But while this body is our home,
We mourn an abſent Lord.

7 What faith rejoices to believe,
We long and pant to ſee;
We would be abſent from the fleſh,
And preſent, Lord, with thee.

8 But ſtill, or here, or going hence,
To this our labours tend,
That, in his ſervice ſpent, our life
May in his favour end.

9 For, lo! before the Son, as Judge,
Th' aſſembled world ſhall ſtand,
To take the puniſhment or prize
From his unerring hand.

10 Impartial retributions then
Our diff'rent lives await;
Our preſent actions, good or bad,
Shall fix our future fate.

LII. Philip. ii. 6,—12.

1 YE who the name of Jeſus bear,
His ſacred ſteps purſue;
And let that mind which was in him
Be alſo found in you.

2 Though in the form of God he was,
His only Son declar'd,
Nor to be equally ador'd
As robb'ry did regard;

3 His greatneſs he for us abas'd,
For us his glory veil'd;
In human likeneſs dwelt on earth,
His majeſty conceal'd:

4 Nor only as a man appears,
But ſtoops a ſervant low;
Submits to death, nay, bears the croſs
In all its ſhame and wo.

5 Hence God this gen'rous love to men,
With honours juſt hath crown'd,
And rais'd the name of Jeſus far
Above all names renown'd,

6 That at this name, with ſacred awe,
Each humbled knee ſhould bow,
Of hoſts immortal in the ſkies,
And nations ſpread below;

7 That all the proſtrate pow'rs of hell
Might tremble at his word,
And ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue,
Confeſs that he is Lord.

LIII. 1 Thessal. iv. 13, to the end.

1 TAKE comfort, Chriſtians! when your friends
In Jeſus fall aſleep;

Their better being never ends;
Why then dejected weep?

2 Why inconſolable as thoſe
To whom no hope is giv'n?
Death is the meſſenger of peace,
And calls the ſoul to heav'n.

3 As Jeſus dy'd, and roſe again
Victorious from the dead;
So his diſciples riſe, and reign
With their triumphant Head.

4 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Chriſt ſhall with ſhouts deſcend,
And the laſt trumpet's awful voice
The heav'ns and earth ſhall rend.

5 Then they who live ſhall changed be,
And they who ſleep ſhall wake;
The graves ſhall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundation ſhake.

6 The ſaints of God, from death ſet free,
With joy ſhall mount on high;
The heav'nly hoſts with praiſes loud
Shall meet them in the ſky.

7 Together to their Father's houſe,
With joyful hearts they go;
And dwell for ever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of wo.

8 A few ſhort years of evil paſt,
We reach the happy ſhore,
Where death-divided friends at laſt
Shall meet to part no more.

LIV. 2 Tim. i. 12.

1 I'M not aſham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cauſe,

Maintain the glory of his croſs,
And honour all his laws.

2 Jeſus, my Lord! I know his name,
His name is all my boaſt;
Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame,
Nor let my hope be loſt.

3 I know that ſafe with him remains,
Protected by his pow'r,
What I've committed to his truſt,
Till the deciſive hour.

4 Then will he own his ſervant's name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jeruſalem
Appoint my ſoul a place.

LV. 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

1 MY race is run; my warfare's o'er;
The ſolemn hour is nigh,
When, offer'd up to God, my ſoul
Shall wing its flight on high.

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord;
Finiſh'd my courſe, and kept the faith,
Depending on his word.

3 Henceforth there is laid up for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the Sov'reign Lord decreed
This prize for me alone;
But for all ſuch as love like me
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 From ev'ry ſnare and evil work
His grace ſhall me defend,

And to his heav'nly kingdom ſafe
Shall bring me in the end.

LVI. Titus iii. 3,—9.

1 HOW wretched was our former ſtate,
When ſlaves to Satan's ſway,
With hearts diſorder'd and impure,
O'erwhelm'd in ſin we lay!

2 But, O my ſoul! for ever praiſe,
For ever love his name,
Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths
Of folly, ſin, and ſhame.

3 Vain and preſumptuous is the truſt
Which in our works we place,
Salvation from a higher ſource
Flows to the human race.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin:
His mercy ſav'd our ſouls from death,
And waſh'd our ſouls from ſin.

5 His Spirit, through the Saviour ſhed,
Its ſacred fire imparts,
Refines our droſs, and love divine
Rekindles in our hearts.

6 Thence, rais'd from death, we live anew;
And, juſtify'd by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
And ſee our Father's face.

7 Let all who hold this faith and hope
In holy deeds abound;
Thus faith approves itſelf ſincere
By active virtue crown'd.

LVII. Heb. iv. 14, to the end.

1 JESUS, the Son of God, who once
For us his life reſign'd,
Now lives in heav'n our great High Prieſt,
And never-dying Friend.

2 Through life, through death, let us to him
With conſtancy adhere;
Faith ſhall ſupply new ſtrength, and hope
Shall baniſh ev'ry fear.

3 To human weakneſs not ſevere
Is our High Prieſt above;
His heart o'erflows with tenderneſs,
His bowels melt with love.

4 With ſympathetic feelings touch'd,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what ſore temptations are,
For he has felt the ſame.

5 But though he felt temptation's pow'r,
Unconquer'd he remain'd;
Nor, 'midſt the frailty of our frame,
By ſin was ever ſtain'd.

6 As in the days of feeble fleſh
He pour'd forth cries and tears;
So, though exalted, ſtill he feels
What ev'ry Chriſtian bears.

7 Then let us with a filial heart
Come boldly to the throne
Of grace ſupreme, to tell our griefs,
And all our wants make known;

8 That mercy we may there obtain
For ſins and errors paſt,
And grace to help in time of need,
While days of trial laſt.

LVIII. Another verſion of the ſame paſſage.

1 WHERE high the heav'nly temple ſtands,
The houſe of God not made with hands,
A great High Prieſt our nature wears;
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 He who for men their ſurety ſtood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Purſues in heav'n his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the friend of man.

3 Though now aſcended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-ſuff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains:
And ſtill remembers in the ſkies
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

5 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The Man of ſorrows had a part;
He ſympathizes with our grief,
And to the ſuff'rer ſends relief.

6 With boldneſs, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our ſorrows known;
And aſk the aids of heav'nly pow'r
To help us in the evil hour.

LIX. HEB. xii. 1,—13.

1 BEHOLD what witneſſes unſeen
Encompaſs us around;
Men once like us with ſuff'ring try'd,
But now with glory crown'd.

2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inſpir'd,
Begin the Chriſtian race,

And, freed from each encumb'ring weight,
Their holy footſteps trace.

3 Behold a Witneſs nobler ſtill,
Who trod affliction's path,
Jeſus, at once the finiſher
And author of our faith.

4 He, for the joy before him ſet,
So gen'rous was his love,
Endur'd the croſs, deſpis'd the ſhame,
And now he reigns above.

5 If he the ſcorn of wicked men
With patience did ſuſtain,
Becomes it thoſe for whom he dy'd
To murmur or complain?

6 Have ye, like him, to blood, to death,
The cauſe of truth maintain'd?
And is your heav'nly Father's voice
Forgotten or diſdain'd?

7 My ſon, ſaith he, with patient mind
Endure the chaſt'ning rod;
Believe, when by affliction try'd,
That thou art lov'd by God.

8 His children thus moſt dear to him,
Their heav'nly Father trains,
Through all the hard experience led
Of ſorrows and of pains.

9 We know he owns us for his ſons,
When we correction ſhare;
Nor wander as a baſtard race,
Without our Father's care.

10 A father's voice with rev'rence we
On earth have often heard;
The Father of our ſpirits now
Demands the ſame regard.

11 Parents may err; but he is wiſe,
Nor lifts the rod in vain:
His chaſt'nings ſerve to cure the ſoul
By ſalutary pain.

12 Affliction, when it ſpreads around,
May ſeem a field of wo;
Yet there at laſt the happy fruits
Of righteouſneſs ſhall grow.

13 Then, let our hearts no more deſpond,
Our hands be weak no more;
Still let us truſt our Father's love,
His wiſdom ſtill adore.

LX. Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

1 FATHER of peace, and God of love!
We own thy pow'r to ſave,
That pow'r by which our Shepherd roſe
Victorious o'er the grave.

2 Him from the dead thou brought'ſt again,
When, by his ſacred blood,
Confirm'd and ſeal'd for evermore,
Th' eternal cov'nant ſtood.

3 O may thy Spirit ſeal our ſouls,
And mould them to thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may ſtray,
But keep thy precepts ſtill;

4 That to perfection's ſacred height
We nearer ſtill may riſe,
And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleaſing in thine eyes.

LXI. 1 Pet. i. 3,—5.

1 BLESS'D be the everlaſting God,
The Father of our Lord;

Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majeſty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the ſky,
He gave our ſouls a lively hope
That they ſhould never die.

3 To an inheritance divine
He taught our hearts to riſe;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
Unfading in the ſkies.

4 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
Till the ſalvation come:
We walk by faith as ſtrangers here;
But Chriſt ſhall call us home.

LXII. 2 Pet. iii. 3,—14.

1 LO! in the laſt of days behold
A faithleſs race ariſe;
Their lawleſs luſt their only rule;
And thus the ſcoffer cries:

2 Where is the promiſe deem'd ſo true
That ſpoke the Saviour near?
E'er ſince our fathers ſlept in duſt,
No change has reach'd our ear.

3 Years roll'd on years ſucceſſive glide,
Since firſt the world began,
And on the tide of time ſtill floats,
Secure, the bark of man.

4 Thus ſpeaks the ſcoffer; but his words
Conceal the truth he knows,
That from the water's dark abyſs
The earth at firſt aroſe.

5 But when the ſons of men began
With one conſent to ſtray,

At Heav'n's command a deluge ſwept
The godleſs race away.

6 A diff'rent fate is now prepar'd
For Nature's trembling frame;
Soon ſhall her orbs be all enwrapt
In one devouring flame.

7 Reſerv'd are ſinners for the hour
When to the gulf below,
Arm'd with the hand of ſov'reign pow'r,
The Judge conſigns his foe.

8 Though now, ye juſt! the time appears
Protracted, dark, unknown,
An hour, a day, a thouſand years,
To heav'n's great Lord are one.

9 Still all may ſhare his ſov'reign grace,
In ev'ry change ſecure;
The meek, the ſuppliant contrite race,
Shall find his mercy ſure.

10 The contrite race he counts his friends,
Forbids the ſuppliant's fall;
Condemns reluctant, but extends
The hope of grace to all.

11 Yet as the night-wrap'd thief who lurks
To ſeize th' expected prize,
Thus ſteals the hour, when Chriſt ſhall come,
And thunder rend the ſkies.

12 Then at the loud, the ſolemn peal,
The heav'ns ſhall burſt away;
The elements ſhall melt in flame
At Nature's final day.

13 Since all this frame of things muſt end,
As Heav'n has ſo decreed,
How wiſe our inmoſt thoughts to guard,
And watch o'er ev'ry deed:

14 Expecting calm th' appointed hour,
When, Nature's conflict o'er,
A new and better world ſhall riſe,
Where ſin is known no more!

LXIII. 1 JOHN iii. 1,—4.

1 BEHOLD th' amazing gift of love
The Father hath beſtow'd
On us, the ſinful ſons of men,
To call us ſons of God.

2 Conceal'd as yet this honour lies,
By this dark world unknown,
A world that knew not when he came,
Ev'n God's eternal Son.

3 High is the rank we now poſſeſs;
But higher we ſhall riſe;
Though what we ſhall hereafter be
Is hid from mortal eyes:

4 Our ſouls, we know, when he appears,
Shall bear his image bright;
For all his glory, full diſcloſ'd,
Shall open to our ſight.

5 A hope ſo great and ſo divine,
May trials well endure;
And purge the ſoul from ſenſe and ſin,
As Chriſt himſelf is pure.

LXIV. REV. i. 5,—9.

1 TO him that lov'd the ſouls of men,
And waſh'd us in his blood,
To royal honours rais'd our head,
And made us prieſts to God;

2 To him let ev'ry tongue be praiſe,
And ev'ry heart be love!

All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler ſongs above!

3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
His ſaints ſhall bleſs the day;
While they that pierc'd him ſadly mourn
In anguiſh and diſmay.

4 I am the Firſt, and I the Laſt;
Time centers all in me;
Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore ſhall be.

LXV. Rev. v. 6, to the end.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidſt his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
And ſongs before unknown.

2 Lo! elders worſhip at his feet;
The church adores around,
With vials full of odours rich,
And harps of ſweeteſt ſound.

3 Theſe odours are the pray'rs of ſaints,
Theſe ſounds the hymns they raiſe;
God bends his ear to their requeſts,
He loves to hear their praiſe.

4 Who ſhall the Father's record ſearch,
And hidden things reveal?
Behold, the Son that record takes,
And opens ev'ry ſeal!

5 Hark how th' adoring hoſts above
With ſongs ſurround the throne!
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues;
But all their hearts are one.

6 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, let us reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

7 To him be pow'r divine aſcrib'd,
And endleſs bleſſings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on his head!

8 Thou haſt redeem'd us with thy blood,
And ſet the priſ'ners free;
Thou mad'ſt us kings and prieſts to God,
And we ſhall reign with thee.

9 From ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue,
Thou brought'ſt thy choſen race;
And diſtant lands and iſles have ſhar'd
The riches of thy grace.

10 Let all that dwell above the ſky,
Or on the earth below,
With fields, and floods, and ocean's ſhores,
To thee their homage ſhow.

11 To Him who ſits upon the throne,
The God whom we adore,
And to the Lamb that once was ſlain,
Be glory evermore.

LXVI. Rev. vii. 13, to the end.

1 HOW bright theſe glorious ſpirits ſhine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the bliſsful ſeats
Of everlaſting day?

2 Lo! theſe are they from ſuff'rings great
Who came to realms of light,

And in the blood of Chriſt have waſh'd
Thoſe robes which ſhine ſo bright.

3 Now, with triumphal palms, they ſtand
Before the throne on high,
And ſerve the God they love, amidſt
The glories of the ſky.

4 His preſence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry mouth to ſing;
By day, by night, the ſacred courts
With glad hoſannas ring.

5 Hunger and thirſt are felt no more,
Nor ſuns with ſcorching ray;
God is their ſun, whoſe cheering beams
Diffuſe eternal day.

6 The Lamb who dwells amidſt the throne
Shall o'er them ſtill preſide;
Feed them with nouriſhment divine,
And all their footſteps guide.

7 'Mong paſtures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living ſtreams appear;
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

LXVII. Rev. xxi. 1,—9.

1 LO! what a glorious ſight appears
To our admiring eyes!
The former ſeas have paſs'd away,
The former earth and ſkies.

2 From heav'n the New Jeruſ'lem comes,
All worthy of its Lord;
See all things now at laſt renew'd,
And paradiſe reſtor'd!

3 Attending angels ſhout for joy,
And the bright armies ſing;
Mortals! behold the ſacred ſeat
Of your deſcending King!

4 The God of glory down to men
Removes his bleſs'd abode;
He dwells with men; his people they,
And he his people's God.

5 His gracious hand ſhall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
And death itſelf, ſhall die.

6 Behold, I change all human things!
Saith he, whoſe words are true:
Lo! what was old is paſs'd away,
And all things are made new!

7 I am the Firſt, and I the Laſt,
Through endleſs years the ſame;
I AM, is my memorial ſtill,
And my eternal name.

8 Ho, ye that thirſt! to you my grace
Shall hidden ſtreams diſcloſe,
And open full the ſacred ſpring
Whence life for ever flows.

9 Bleſs'd is the man that overcomes;
I'll own him for a ſon;
A rich inheritance rewards
The conqueſts he hath won.

10 But bloody hands and hearts unclean,
And all the lying race,
The faithleſs, and the ſcoffing crew,
Who ſpurn at offer'd grace;

11 They, ſeiz'd by juſtice, ſhall be doom'd
In dark abyſs to lie,
And in the fiery burning lake
The ſecond death ſhall die.

12 O may we ſtand before the Lamb,
When earth and ſeas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce our name,
With bleſſings on our head!

HYMNS.

HYMN I.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My riſing ſoul ſurveys,
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

2 O how ſhall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my raviſh'd heart!
But Thou canſt read it there.

3 Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themſelves in pray'r.

5 Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom theſe comforts flow'd.

6 When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran;
Thine arm, unſeen, convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man:

7 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And thro' the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

8 When worn with ſickneſs oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Hath made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Hath doubled all my ſtore.

10 Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a chearful heart,
That taſtes theſe gifts with joy.

11 Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll proclaim;
And after death, in diſtant worlds,
Reſume the glorious theme.

12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

13 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe;
For, oh! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

HYMN II.

1 THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal ſky,
And ſpangled heav'ns, a ſhining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unweary'd ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r diſplay;
And publiſhes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the ev'ning ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth;

4 While all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in ſolemn ſilence all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor ſound,
Amidſt their radiant orbs be found;

6 In Reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN III.

1 WHEN riſing from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I ſee my Maker face to face,
O how ſhall I appear!

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be ſought,
My heart with inward horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

3 When thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtand diſclos'd
In majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in judgment on my ſoul,
O how ſhall I appear!

4 But thou haſt told the troubled mind
Who doth her ſins lament,
That timely grief for errors paſt
Shall future wo prevent.

5 Then ſee the ſorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give thoſe ſorrows weight.

6 For never ſhall my ſoul deſpair
Of mercy at thy throne,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
Thy juſtice to atone.

HYMN IV.

1 BLEST morning! whoſe firſt dawning rays
Beheld the Son of God
Ariſe triumphant from the grave,
And leave his dark abode.

2 Wrapt in the ſilence of the tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving ſkies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave combin'd their force,
To hold our Lord in vain;
Sudden the Conqueror aroſe,
And burſt their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord!
We ſacred honours pay,
And loud hoſannas ſhall proclaim
The triumphs of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praiſe
To our victorious King!
Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and ſeas,
With glad hoſannas ring.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, and is,
And ſhall be evermore.

HYMN V.

1 THE hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At laſt, O Lord! let trouble ceaſe,
And let thy ſervant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run;
The combat's o'er; the prize is won;
And now my witneſs is on high,
And now my record's in the ſky.

3 Not in mine innocence I truſt;
I bow before thee in the duſt;
And through my Saviour's blood alone,
I look for mercy at thy throne.

4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held ſo dear:
To heal their ſorrows, Lord, deſcend,
And to the friendleſs prove a friend.

5 I come, I come, at thy command,
I give my ſpirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thine everlaſting arms,
And ſhield me in the laſt alarms!

6 The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home:
Now, O my God! let trouble ceaſe;
Now let thy ſervant die in peace.

FINIS.

1 JA 64

No.		Page
1	Geneſis i.	3
2	Gen. xxviii. 20,—22.	4
3	Job i. 21.	5
4	Job iii 17,—20.	ib.
5	Job v. 6,—12.	6
6	Job viii. 11,—22.	ib.
7	Job ix. 2,—10.	7
8	Job xiv. 1,—15.	8
9	Job xxvi. 6. to the end,	10
10	Prov. i. 20,—31.	11
11	Prov. iii. 13,—17.	12
12	Prov. vi. 6,—12.	ib.
13	Prov. viii. 22. to the end,	13
14	Eccles. vii. 2,—6.	14
15	Eccles. ix. 4, 5, 6,—10.	15
16	Eccles. xii. 1.	ib.
17	Iſaiah i. 10,—19.	16
18	Iſaiah ii. 2,—6.	17
19	Iſaiah ix. 2,—8.	18
20	Iſaiah xxvi. 1,—7.	19
21	Iſaiah xxxiii. 13,—18.	ib.
22	Iſaiah xl. 27, to the end,	20
23	Iſaiah xlii. 1,—13.	21
24	Iſaiah xlix. 13,—17.	23
25	Iſaiah liii.	24
26	Iſaiah lv.	26
27	Iſaiah lvii. 15, 16.	27
28	Iſaiah lviii. 5,—9.	28
29	Lament. iii. 37.—40.	29
30	Hoſea vi. 1,—4.	ib.
31	Micah vi 6,—9.	30
32	Habak. iii. 17, 18.	31
33	Matth. vi. 9,—14.	ib.
34	Matth. xi. 25, to the end,	32
35	Matth. xxvi. 26,—29.	33
36	Luke i. 46,—56.	34
37	Luke ii. 8,—15.	35
38	Luke ii. 25—33.	ib.
39	Luke iv. 18, 19.	37
40	Luke xv. 13,—25.	38
41	John iii. 14,—19.	39
42	John xiv. 1,—7.	40
43	John xiv. 25,—28.	ib.

No.		Page
44	John xix. 30.	41
45	Romans ii. 4—8.	42
46	Romans iii. 16,—22.	ib.
47	Romans vi. 1,—7.	43
48	Romans viii. 31, to the end,	ib.
49	1 Corinth. xiii.	45
50	1 Corinth. xv. 52. to the end,	46
51	2 Corinth. v. 1,—11.	47
52	Philip. ii 6,—12.	49
53	1 Theſſal. iv. 13. to the end,	ib.
54	2 Timothy i. 12.	50
55	2 Timothy iv. 6, 7, 8,—18.	51
56	Titus iii. 3,—9.	52
57	Heb. iv. 14. to the end,	53
58	Another verſion of the ſame paſſage,	54
59	Heb. xii. 1,—13.	ib.
60	Heb. xiii. 20, 21.	56
61	1 Pet. i. 3,—5.	ib.
62	2 Pet. iii. 3,—14.	57
63	1 John iii. 1,—4.	59
64	Rev. i. 5,—9.	ib.
65	Rev. v. 6. to the end,	60
66	Rev. vii. 13, to the end,	61
67	Rev. xxi. 1,—9.	62

HYMNS.

Hymn I.	65
Hymn II.	66
Hymn III.	67
Hymn IV.	68
Hymn V.	69

1 JA 64